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THE GRAND CORONATION FIREWORK TEMPLE IN HYDE PARK.

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THE GRAND CORONATION FIREWORK TEMPLE,

IN HYDE PARK, JUNE 28, 1838.

THE annexed novel illustration has originated in anxiety to correct our Narrative of the recent Coronation, and its various celebrations. Thus, at page 25, the concluding design of the Fireworks, displayed in Hyde Park, is stated to have been the entrance arch to Buckingham Palace; whereas it bore but a general resemblance to that costly structure, as may be seen by reference to the prefixed representation of the superb device, and the following details, furnished by the ingenious artist, Mr. Southby.

Since the night of the Coronation, Mr. Southby has repeated his display at the "Surrey Zoological Gardens," with a few advantages over the original exhibition; and the achievement being altogether a very brilliant one in the records of Pyrotechny, it has been considered worthy of representation in our Miscellany.

The dimensions of the design are 60 feet in height by about 40 feet in breadth; the whole, with the avenues of fire across the Lake at the Gardens, extending for about 150 feet.

The architectural outlines are formed by a vast number of what are termed *lances*, or white lights, made much longer than usual, so as to continue burning for a greater length of time than is customary in fireworks.

The centre is occupied by a transparency, painted by Danson, representing our beloved Queen, in her Coronation Robes, on horseback; her Majesty wearing the stars and ribbons of the Orders of the Bath, Thistle, and St. Patrick.

When this splendid device was fired in Hyde Park, it was elevated on a lofty stage, by which the effect of its gigantic proportions was impaired. But, at the Surrey Gardens, it is fired nearly from the level of the Lake, which beautifully reflects the brilliancy of the countless lights; whilst the transparency, being lit from behind, with fine changing blue and green flames, causes the regal ornaments to stand out with the effect of real jewels.

In the Park, the brightness was somewhat interfered with, by jerbs and Roman candles being injudiciously fired in front of the main design of the Temple, and its transparent Portrait, which were thus only visible for a few minutes, at intervals, through a cloud of smoke. This is now avoided; the outline of the structure is better defined, and shines forth in all the picturesque beauty of the design, and gorgeous magnificence of the various fires, &c.

Since the splendid Commemoration in the London Parks, in the year 1814, there has been nothing displayed in Pyrotechny which can be compared with the triumphs of last Coronation Night.

There have been but four exhibitions of fireworks in the royal parks in London: the first was on April 27, 1749, on occasion of the general peace concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle, November 7, 1748;—on which occasion, a splendid temple was erected in the Green Park, 144 feet long. In the centre was a Statue of Peace, with her foot on a cannon-ball, attended by Mars and Neptune; immediately in front was a music-gallery, in which were 100 musicians, who performed the music composed expressly for the occasion by the celebrated Handel. Over the centre compartment was a grand basso relievo, illuminated, representing George II. giving peace to England. This basso relievo was surmounted by the royal arms, which were 100 feet from the foundation. At a height of 50 feet from the arms was an enormous sun, 32 feet in diameter, which burnt for some hours.—The whole length of the building was 410 feet: at each extremity was a store-house for the engineers, connected with the temple, on either side, by five arcades, for cannon. The ascent to the music-gallery was by two flights of steps. The whole front of the temple was adorned with rich carvings, paintings, medals, and statues, and displayed fireworks in every device and colour. At the top of the temple were two immense stars, behind which 500 rockets were fired; at the conclusion, 6,000 rockets went off at once; after which, the whole building was illuminated, and continued so for 105 hours.

The second display of fireworks in the Green Park was on August 1, 1814, to celebrate the centenary of the House of Brunswick, and the general peace. A fortress or castle was erected, the ramparts of which were 100 feet square, surmounted by a round tower in the centre, about 60 feet in diameter, and rising to the height of about 50 feet from the ramparts. Four grand changes of fireworks were exhibited from this castle, the whole elevation of which exceeded 90 feet. On a sudden, in the midst of a volume of flames, clouds of smoke, and the thunder of artillery, the lofty fortress, the emblem of destructive war, was transformed into a Temple of Peace. Grand fireworks were also exhibited on the Terrace of Kensington Gardens, at the head of the Serpentine: the immense girandoles of rockets, rising from the midst of the trees in the gardens, had a very pleasing effect.

The next public display of Pyrotechny was on the celebration of the coronation of George IV., in Hyde Park, July 19, 1821; but it was very insignificant, and did not attract much public attention.

Manners and Customs.

CORONATION OF HENRY VIII.

THE coronation of which the fullest account has come down to us, and which appears to have been one of the most magnificent in the "olden times," was that of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Aragon.—This has been described by Hall with much minuteness. He states, that on the 21st of June, 1509, Henry came from Greenwich to London, and devoted the ensuing day to the ceremonies of the Bath. "The morrow following being Saturday, his Grace, with the Queen, departed from the Tower through the city of London; against whose coming the streets where his Grace should pass were hanged with tapestry and cloth of arras, and the great part of the south of Chepe (Cheapside) with cloth of gold, and some part of Cornhill also. The streets were railed and barred on the one side, from over against Gracechurch-street unto Bread-street, in Chepe, where every occupation (company) stood in their liveries in order, beginning with base and mean occupations, and so ascending to the worshipful crafts; highest and lastly stood the mayor with the aldermen. The goldsmiths' stalls unto the end of the Old Change were replenished with virgins in white, with branches of white wax; the priests and clerks in rich copes, with crosses and censers of silver, with censuring his Grace and the Queen also as they passed." The apparel of the king must have been, according to this chronicler, most splendid. "His Grace wore for his uppermost garment a robe of crimson velvet, furred with ermine; his coat was of raised gold, the placard of which was embroidered with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, great pearls, and other rich stones; the trappings of his horse were damask gold, with a deep border of ermine. His Queen was borne in a litter by two white palfreys, which were trapped in white cloth of gold; her person was apparelled in white, embroidered satin; her hair hanging down her back, of a very great length, beautiful and goodly to behold; and on her head a coronal, set with many rich orient stones."

The same author (Hall) had, in not many years afterwards, to record the coronation of Anne Boleyn, which he does with equal minuteness, and, as it would seem, with not less ardour. After describing the voyage from Greenwich, and the "batheing and skyrveing" of the knights, he narrates the land procession, which was enlivened with "many conynge pageautes," amusing enough to hear of in our day.

CORONATION FESTIVAL OF GEORGE III.

"Conceive to yourself, if you can," says a writer of the time, "conceive what I am

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at a loss to describe—so magnificent a building as that of Westminster Hall, lighted up with near three thousand wax candles, in most splendid branches; our crowned heads, and almost the whole nobility, with the prime of our gentry, most superbly arrayed, and adorned with a profusion of the most brilliant jewels; the galleries on every side crowded with company, for the most part elegantly and richly dressed; but to conceive it in all its lustre, I am conscious that it is absolutely necessary to have been present."

PORTUGUESE CEREMONIALS.

HAVING called one morning on a high dignitary of the church, (says a modern traveller,) after ascending a magnificent staircase, I passed through a long suite of rooms to the apartment in which the reverend ecclesiastic was seated. When I had concluded my visit, I bowed and retired; but, according to the invariable custom of the country, on reaching the door, I turned, and made another salutation;—on which my host, who was slowly following me, returned my inclination by one equally profound. When I arrived at the door of the second apartment, he was standing on the threshold of the first, and the same ceremony again passed between us. When I had gained the third apartment, he was occupying the place I had just left on the second;—the same civilities were then renewed; and these polite reciprocations were continued, till I had travelled the whole suite of apartments. At the bannisters I made a bow, and, as I supposed, a final salutation; but, on my reaching the first landing-place, he was at the top of the stairs. When I stood on the second landing-place, he had descended to the first; and, upon each and all of these occasions, our heads wagged with increased humility. Our journey to the foot of the stairs was at length completed. I had now to pass through a long hall, divided by columns, to the front door, at which my carriage was standing. Whenever I reached one of these pillars, I turned, and found his Eminence waiting for the expected bow, which he immediately returned, continually progressing, and managing his paces, so as to go through his share of the ceremony on the precise spot which had witnessed my last inclination. As I approached the hall-door, our mutual salutations were no longer occasional, but absolutely perpetual; and they still continued after I had entered my carriage, as the bishop stood with his head uncovered till it was driven away.—W. G. C.

ICELANDIC CODE OF LAWS.

THE *Grágás*, or Gray Goose, (says a recent writer,) is a collection of traditional laws, compiled by Bergthor, logsomadr, or

supreme judge, of the island, in the beginning of the eleventh century. Since Berghthor's time, this code has been revised and enriched with additional institutes. It contains evidence of a high antiquity; and, in the marriage code, there is much of a heathen origin, especially in the ceremonials. The customary punishments, independent of pecuniary mulcts, are—exile, for short or long periods, incarceration, and proscription. The exile's life was at every man's mercy, though he might, as was customary among heathen nations, purchase remission of his sentence, by slaying three brother exiles of desperate character. The offender's property was confiscated, his marriage was dissolved, and even his children were reckoned illegitimate. The severity of the punishment was aggravated by the comparative insignificance of the offences against which it was directed: a man being liable to banishment if he played at dice, or any other game of chance, for the sake of gain;—if he cut off another person's hair; if he bit or struck a fellow-creature, so as to raise blue spots on his skin; if he composed amatory strains on a married female; or if he tore off his neighbour's bonnet, when fastened on his head, he became an outcast, liable to be hunted down, and dependant for his existence on the forbearance of his fellow-creatures. W. G. C.

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

THE following list of Turkish feminine accomplishments, on the occasion of a lady going to seek a wife for her son, is given by a recent traveller:—The large saloon into which the company was ushered by the hostess was empty; but presently the nine unmarried daughters of the house came running in, one after the other, as if in a race. Once within the room, they became as meek and decorous as need be; and approached, like whirling dervishes, about to begin their waltz, with slow and measured steps, and with their arms crossed on their bosoms, to kiss the hand of the visitor who came to choose a daughter-in-law among them. "They are," said the mother, "by the blessing of the Virgin, all to be married!" And then, as they passed before the low divan, one by one dropping their lips on the hand of her who had brought a husband for one of them into the world, she repeated the name and quality of each.—There was certainly a variety—from girlish thirteen to mature nine-and-twenty; and the variety was marked in other things than age. One possessed, in an eminent degree, the accomplishment of embroidering tobacco-pouches;—another was distinguished as a cook, and a maker of sweetmeats;—another made sherbets equal to any that were ever drunk in the seraglio;—one was

a pattern of economy, for she could supply a house a whole day for a rubieh less than any body else;—and another was a pattern of taste, for she could paint doves and roses on Kelemkians, and sing psalms and Turkish songs to the accompaniment of some old Armenian pipers, who were very great performers, and the attraction of the Tekke, at Pera. W. G. C.

Popular Antiquities.

THORNBURY CASTLE.

OUR notice of this interesting ruin, (see *Mirror*, vol. xxix. p. 273,) being but scanty and incomplete, the following details will, doubtless, be an acceptable addition.

Mr. Sharon Turner, in the first edition of his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, supposes Thornbury to have been a British city, and to have constituted the residence of Cyndellan, a petty king; probably, the same with Condidan, who fell in 577, at the battle of Dyrrham. Mr. Fosbrooke is likewise of opinion, that this place, situated close to an ancient passage of the Severn, was fortified at a very early period.

There is good reason for believing Thornbury to have been a town of some importance in the time of the Saxons. A market was certainly established here before the Conquest; and the manor formed part of the royal domain at the time of the Great Survey. In that record, the name is written *Turneberie*, from *Torn*, or *Turne*, a court; and, within the limits of the parish, is a hamlet named Kington.

The manor belonged, before the entry of the Normans, to Brictric, a Saxon thane, who had, early in life, refused the hand of Maud, afterwards Queen of William the Conqueror. A peculiar opportunity of revenge was afforded to the slighted lady; as her husband, on ascending the throne of England, bestowed upon her the estates of the man who had declined her love; and she had the barbarous gratification of effecting his utter ruin. Returning to the crown, on the decease of Queen Maud, the manor of Thornbury was given by King William Rufus to Robert Fitz-Haymon; with whose daughter it passed, in marriage, to the family of the Earls of Gloucester. By descent from the Clares, Earls of Gloucester, through Margaret, daughter and heir of another Margaret, wife of Hugh de Audley, sister and co-heir of the last Gilbert de Clare, the manor devolved to Ralph Lord Stafford, whose descendant, Humphrey Stafford, was created Duke of Buckingham.

The misfortunes which befel the dukes of this lineage have been incidentally noticed, in connexion with Thornbury Castle. The fates of its founder and his father, in the imperishable language of Shakspeare, dic-

tated these natural and impressive reflections on the perfidy of the world :

You that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :
When you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure ye be not loose ; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to sink ye.

A castle at Thornbury is noticed in the earliest records of this place ; and the present unfinished building occupies the site of that structure. It was commenced by the Duke of Buckingham, in the second year of Henry VIII. ; at which time he was high in office, and was not only the most affluent, but the most popular nobleman of his day. The reason for his not completing this castle is by no means evident, unless we can suppose there not to have been sufficient time for such an undertaking between the second of Henry VIII., (1511), and the attainder of the duke, (in 1521.) It is known that he occasionally resided in such parts as were habitable ; and it has been said, that Henry passed ten days here, in the year 1539.—Stow, after noticing the building, remarks, that the duke “made a faire parke hard by the castle, and tooke much ground into it, very fruitful of corne, now faire land for coursing.”

Mr. Dallaway terms the castle, “a remarkable specimen of architecture, which, adopting a military appearance, displayed, likewise, the magnificence and convenience of a private dwelling ;” and he bestows on it the name of a “palatial castle.” It is scarcely necessary to add, that this mode of design—the castellated mansion—succeeded to the regularly fortified dwellings of the middle ages ; no example of which occurs at a later period than the reign of Richard II.

The plan of Thornbury Castle, as far as completed, may be thus described. A large, arched gate opens into a spacious quadrangle, furnished with cloisters for stables, and, as some examiners have thought, with accommodations for troops in garrison. This court is commanded by a large and strong tower ; on one side of which is a wall, and another gate opening into a smaller court, communicating with the state apartments, which are in a line contiguous to the tower, and are distinguishable by enriched projecting windows. This portion of the castle is shown in our Engraving, already referred to. The chimney-shafts are of brick, wrought into spiral columns ; the bases of which are charged with the cognizances of the family, and the *Stafford knot*.

On the principal gatehouse is the following inscription :—“THIS GATE WAS BEGUN IN THE YERE OF OUR LORDS GODDE, MCCCCCXI., THE JJ YERE OF THE REYNE OF KYNGE HENRY THE VIII. BY ME, EDW. DUC OF

BUCKINGHAM, ERLE OF HARFORD, STAFFORDE, AND NORTHAMPTON.” To this inscription is appended the word, or motto, of the duke—“DORSUVAUNT,” (henceforward.)

In the year 1582, a Survey of these premises was taken by a jury, and the curious statement drawn up at that time has been printed in the *Collectanea of Leland*, and the language modernized by the Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke. This document is printed in Storer's *Delineations of Gloucestershire* ; and, as it is both valuable and interesting, from its affording a picture of the arrangement of a mansion of the early part of the sixteenth century, we here insert the same.

Survey of Thornbury Castle, made in 1582.

- 1.—The Base Court, containing two and a half acres, encircled with lodgings for servants. (Left unfinished.)
- 2.—At the entry into the castle, on the west side of the base court, are two gates, a large and a small one, with a wicket. On the left hand, a Porter's Lodge, containing three rooms, with a dungeon underneath for a place of imprisonment, (for misbehaving servants, &c.)
- 3.—Within was a court leading to the Great Hall, which was entered by a porch. It had, also, a passage from the Great Kitchen. In the middle of the hall was a hearth, to hold a brazier. At the upper end of it was a room, with a chimney, called the Old Hall. From the upper end of the Great Hall, a staircase ascended to the Great Chamber ; at the top of which are two lodging-rooms. A room, paved with brick, and chimneyed, was connected with the head of the stairs. (These appear to have been lodging-rooms for visitors.)
- 4.—In this court, leading to the hall, were wet and dry Larders, the privy-bak-house, and Boiling-house ; all communicating with the Great Kitchen. Over these apartments were lodging-rooms for the servants, and, above these, a long loft.
- 5.—The Great Kitchen had two large chimneys, and one smaller. Within it was a privy-kitchen ; over which was a lodging-room for the cooks.
- 6.—A Scullery and Pantry, adjoining one side of the entry from the kitchen to the Great Hall ; the scullery having a large flue, or chimney, in it. Over the other side of the entry were two Cellars.
- 7.—Between these and the lower end of the hall was the Buttery ; and over the whole of these last-named offices were four lodging-rooms, with one adjoining room, called the Clerk's Treasury.
- 8.—The Chapel.—“From the lower end of the Great Hall is an entry, leading to the Chappell ; at the corner of the end of which entry is a Sellar. The upper part of the

Chappell is a fair room, for people to stand in at service time; and over the same are two rooms, or petitions, (*sic*) with each of them a chimney, where the Duke and Duchess used to sit and hear service in the Chappell. The body of the Chappell itself fair built, having twenty-two settles of wainscot about the same, for priests, clerks, and quisters."

9.—The Garden, surrounded with a cloister. Over the cloister a Gallery, out of which a passage led to the Parish Church of Thornbury, having, at the end, a room with a chimney and window, looking into the church, where the Duke used sometimes to hear service in the same church. (*See page 34 of the present volume.*)

10.—Lodging-rooms. There were thirteen near the last-mentioned gallery, six below, three of which had chimneys, and seven above, four of which had chimneys. These were called the *Earl of Bedford's Lodgings*.

11.—The Tower, and annexed buildings, were the immediate places of residence for the Duke and Duchess. They contained suites of rooms, one within another, or stories communicating by staircases; and are thus described:—The lower part of the principal building of the castle is called the *New Building*. At the west end thereof is a fair tower. In this lone building, (the new building, or that adjoining to the tower,) is contained one great chamber, with a chimney therein; and within that is another room, with a chimney, called the *Duchess's Lodging*. Between the two last rooms was a closet, (designed for her Oratory.) Connected with these two last rooms was another, which formed the foundation, or lowermost part of the Tower, with a chimney. From the lodging of the Duchess, a Gallery, paved with brick, led to a staircase, which ascended to the Duke's lodging above, and was used as a privy way. All these rooms were for the accommodation of the Duchess and her suite.

[The Survey then takes us back to the Great Hall, whence it proceeds to the Great Chamber, the Dining-Room, (of the family,) and the Duke's lodgings. Connected with the bed-chamber of the Duke, there were, for greater security, the *Jewel-Room* and the *Mentiment-Room*.]

12.—"From the upper end of the Great Hall is a steyer, ascending up towards the Great Chamber; at the top whereof are two lodging-rooms. Leading from the steyer's head to the Great Chamber is a fair room, paved with brick, and a chimney in the same, (see No. 3, before;) at the end whereof doth meet a fair gallery, leading from the Great Chamber to the *Earle of Bedford's lodging*, (see No. 10,) on the

one side, and to the Chappell on the other side. The Great Chamber is very fair, with a chimney therein. Within the same is one other fair chamber, called the *Dining Chamber*, with a chimney therein, likewise. And within that, again, is one other fair chamber, with a chimney therein also, called the *Privy Chamber*; and within the same, again, is one other chamber, or closet, called the *Duke's Jewel-Chamber*. Next unto the *Privy Chamber*, or the inner part thereof, is a fair round chamber, being the second story of the tower, called the *Duke's Bed-Chamber*. From the *Privy Chamber*, a steyer leadeth up into another fair, round chamber, over the *Duke's Bed-Chamber*, (like unto the same,) being the third story of the Tower, and so upwards, to answer a like chamber over the same, where the *Evidents* do lye. All which last-recited buildings, called the *New Buildings*, are builded fair with freestone, covered with lead."

We are struck with the completeness of this mansion, but not especially with the number of chimneys in its construction: for, although chimneys were introduced as early as the year 1200, and did not become general until late in the reign of Elizabeth, or the sixteenth century, they were common before that period in "the religious houses, and manor-places of the lords, and, peradventure, some great personages." There occurs mention of a chamber with a chimney, by a writer of the reign of Richard III.; and, somewhat later, it was customary to provide rooms for ladies, with chimneys, as in the lodging-rooms (No. 10) of Thornbury Castle. The Survey denotes the castle to have been planned with strict regard to high convenience, considering the period of its erection to have been that of transition from the fortress to the dwelling-house—from rudeness to refinement.

Mr. Fosbroke, in some remarks appended to the preceding Survey, observes, that "the removal of the dungeon to the porter's lodge, and the omission of a keep, were alterations which followed naturally from *police* superseding *war*. There appears to have been but a *reredosse* in the great hall, which was opposite to the gate-house, as usual, and the centre of communication. The ground-floors were purely offices, and all above the family apartments. The hall-kitchen was for the whole household; the *privy-kitchen*, where was the chief cook, for the lord. The garden was for exercise after mass. One thing is, in particular, worthy of remark, and applicable to most old seats: that, from the number of passages, and the communications with the garden, hall, chapel, &c., and the division of apartments in suites, our ancestors did not generally assemble in one room, (as now,) particular times excepted, for meals

er devotion; but resided in the same house, as separate lodgers."

In the reign of Elizabeth, many of the principal timbers were removed from this unfinished structure. The building was fortified in the wars of the seventeenth century by the royalists, with the view of re-training the garrison at Gloucester; since which time it has gradually sunk into dilapidation, through neglect and desertion by its owners.

After the fall of Edward, Duke of Buckingham, the estate of Thornbury remained with his family until the reign of Charles I.; at which time, by a marriage of the female heir, it passed to a branch of the Howard family, who obtained the title of Viscount Stafford, in the sixteenth year of that king. On the decease of John Paul Stafford Howard, without issue, in 1762, the manor devolved, by family conveyances, to the Norfolk family, in whose possession it remains.

In Thornbury Castle, that dismantled "house of pride," what lessons do we read on the short-sightedness of man, the vanity of his works, and the vicissitudes by which his fondest schemes of enjoyment are frustrated, and his day-dreams of happiness chased away—his hopes nipped in the bud of fruition, and his vexations recorded in characters, which "all who run may read!" In lingering about these unfinished walls—ruins they can scarcely be called with propriety—it needs no sage to tell what they bespeak, or to decipher the handwriting that proclaims to all, the nothingness of human grandeur. Even the unlettered peasant must sympathise in such a scene of neglect and desolation. The blankness of the walls is relieved here and there by patches of evergreens, which, in their vivid freshness, deepen, by contrast, the saddening decay.—Perchance, ivy mantles the windows, or creeps about their broken mullions and transoms in the graceful beauty of nature, flinging over the labours of art her luxuriant and unsparring beauty. Yet, as you walk amidst these relics of vanity, you will not fail to associate with them the fallen fortunes, and the depth of humility, into which the chief line of the Clares, Earls of Gloucester, the Bohuns, Earls of Hereford, and the Staffords, Dukes of Buckingham, sank, before it was utterly extinguished. Roger Stafford, great grandson of the mighty Edward, Duke of Buckingham, was compelled, by the arbitrary government of Charles I., to surrender his claim to the barony of Stafford, because "he had no lands or means to support baronial dignity." Jane, sister of Roger, was the wife of a *joiner*, at Newport, in Shropshire; where, (writes Mr. Fosbrooke,) she was living, his widow, in 1637, and her son was a *cobbler*!

Anecdote Gallery.

ANTI-CHRISTIAN REPUBLIC.

THE most remarkable anomaly among the barbarism of the Slavi, (the ancient Russians,) was the famous republic and emporium of Jomsberg, situated on a small island near the mouth of the Oder. In the eleventh century, (says a German writer,) it was the greatest city in Europe: the modern Wollin stands on its site. It had been improved by its commercial habits into a state of civilization: its manners were benign and hospitable; in it were centred all the trade and riches of the north; the Greeks condescended to visit it; and it contained everything that was rare and luxurious. But there never was a people who were greater enemies of the Christian name: they exacted of all who wished to become citizens of their republic, that they should abjure Christianity. The principal god that they worshipped, was called Triglaß, or the three-headed god: by the middle head they imagined that heaven was protected; by the right head, the earth; and by the left head, the ocean. In the eleventh century this famous Pagan republic was flourishing in full prosperity; but, in 1170, the city being taken and destroyed by Waldemar, king of Denmark, it never recovered the blow; and with it expired Slavonian idolatry. W. G. C.

SLAVE TRADE.

THE first Englishman who engaged in this nefarious traffic was Sir John Hawkins, who having, in 1502, fitted out three ships, sailed to the coast of Africa, where he attacked the defenceless negroes sword in hand; and having seized three hundred, carried them to Hispaniola, and sold them as slaves. He was afterwards appointed to one of the Queen's ships, to proceed on the same adventure; but we are informed that Elizabeth supposed them to be taken away voluntarily, and transported to the Spanish colonies as labourers. She is said to have expressed her concern lest any of the Africans should be carried off without their free consent; in which case she declared, that it would be detestable, and call down the vengeance of heaven upon the undertakers. It is stated by M. Labat, a Roman missionary, that Louis XIII. was persuaded to sanction slavery in his colonies, as the only means of converting the negroes to Christianity.

W. G. C.

FORTUNATE STRATEGY.

THE following anecdote is related by Gibbon, in his account of the siege of Alexandria, by the Arabian army, under the command of Amrou, the conqueror of Egypt:—"In every attack on the city, the sword of Amrou glittered."

tered in the van of the Moslems. On a memorable day, he was betrayed by his imprudent valour: his followers, who had entered the citadel, were driven back; and the general, with a friend and a slave, remained a prisoner in the hands of the Christians. When Amirou was conducted before the prefect, he remembered his dignity, and forgot his situation: a lofty demeanour, and resolute language, revealed the lieutenant of the Caliph, and the battle-axe of a soldier was already raised to strike off the head of the audacious captive. His life was saved by the readiness of his slave, who instantly gave his master a blow on the face, and commanded him, in an angry tone, to be silent in the presence of his superiors. The credulous Greek was deceived; he listened to the offers of a treaty, and his prisoners were dismissed; in the hope of a more respectable embassy, till the joyful acclamations of the Saracen camp announced the return of their general, and insulted the folly of the Christians." W. G. C.

PETER THE GREAT.

AFTER the conquest of Esthonia, and the capture of the city of Revel, Peter the Great, having had the enclosures and fortifications repaired, erected a handsome palace in the Italian style, to which there was attached a large pleasure-ground. The Czar named this charming spot the valley of Catherine, in honour of his wife; and being confident that neither himself or family could derive much advantage from it, he intended the grounds as a place of recreation for the inhabitants. Some years after, when the whole was completed, the Czar, with the Empress, went to reside at the castle. Surprised at not seeing any one walking in the park, he called a sentinel, and asked him the reason. The sentinel replied, that no person of any description was allowed to enter. "Who gave that order?" said the emperor. "Our officers," replied the soldier. "What stupidity!" said the emperor: "did they imagine that I had caused these extensive walks to be made for myself?" Next morning, it was proclaimed through the city, by beat of drum, that all the inhabitants were allowed admission into Catherine Thal, and that every one might go there for amusement; the guards being only stationed there to prevent tumult, and protect the trees and other objects from being injured. W. G. C.

The Topographer.

PONTCYSYLTE AQUEDUCT, NORTH WALES.

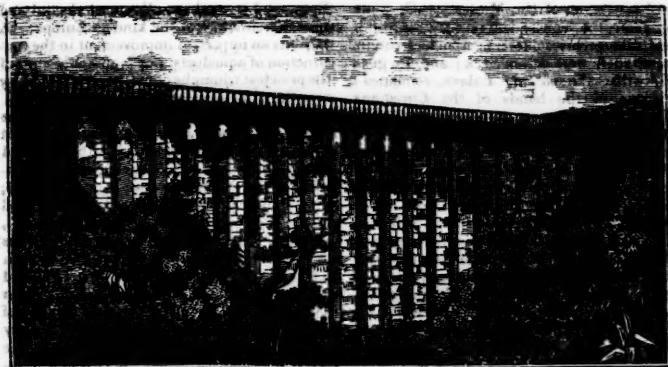
THIS noble aqueduct-bridge carries the Ellesmere Canal over the river Dee, at the bottom of Llangollen Vale, in Denbighshire. It was designed by the late Thomas Telford,

Esq., and is, perhaps, the most elegant and splendid structure of the kind in Europe. It exhibits an important improvement in the construction of aqueducts, and is altogether one of the proudest triumphs of mechanical ingenuity over the difficulties of inland navigation.

It should be premised, that when the course of a canal crosses that of a river, it becomes necessary to build a bridge, and upon it, in place of a common road, to construct a channel and towing-path for a canal; the heights of the aqueduct being regulated by the relative levels of the river and canal, and its breadth by that of the canal. It was formerly usual to make the aqueduct of such a breadth as to admit the canal channel, and its towing-path, to be constructed either wholly of masonry, as in the case of some of the French aqueducts, or partly of masonry and partly of puddle, as those built on the English canals. In these aqueducts, excepting what relates to a water-tight basin for the canal, there is little difference from a road-bridge of similar dimensions.

But, about the year 1795, Mr. Thomas Telford, having been entrusted with the management of the Shrewsbury and Ellesmere Canals, had his attention drawn to the construction of some large aqueducts; and having observed, in several instances, the masonry of aqueducts where puddle was employed, to be cracked, and very subject to leakage, and some parts requisite to be taken down and rebuilt, or tied across by strong iron bars; these circumstances led our indefatigable engineer to consider the introduction of cast-iron work. This he first attempted upon the Ellesmere Canal, at Chirk, where the aqueduct is 600 feet long, and 65 feet high above the river: here he rejected puddle, and built the spandrels over the arches with longitudinal walls only; across these walls, cast-iron flanchied plates were laid, as a bottom to the canal, and also for the purpose of binding the walls horizontally: these were well jointed, screwed, and caulked; the sides of the water-channel were built with stone facings, and the brickhearting laid in water-lime mortar. By this mode, the quantity of masonry was much reduced, yet the whole was water-tight and substantial.

About the same time, and on the same canal, it was found necessary to cross the river Dee, at the bottom of the celebrated valley of Llangollen, at Pontcysylte, and it was found cheaper to *aqueduct* than to *embank*. Here Mr. Telford introduced a still more decided deviation from the usual form, by building upright piers only, and, instead of masonry arches, putting cast-iron ribs between them; the canal part was also constructed with cast-iron flanchied plates for the sides as well as the bottom; and, in order to preserve, as much as possible, the water-way, the towing-path was made to project over the



(Pontcysyllte Aqueduct, North Wales.)

water in the canal. The canal part is twelve feet in width, which admits of boats of seven feet beam, and a towing-path. The height of the central piers above the surface of the river is 126 feet eight inches; the number of arches is nineteen; and the length of the aqueduct is 1,007 feet. Where the embankment commences, the height is 75 feet; but gravelly material being very convenient, rendered embanking cheaper than carrying the masonry and iron-work any further: the embankment is 1,500 feet in length.

What a scene of natural and romantic splendour lies outspread beneath and beside this great work of human art. In picturesque beauty, few portions of Wales are comparable with the vale of Langollen. It has been much celebrated from the steep banks on the south side of the Dee; by the Oswestry road to Langollen, the vale is seen to great advantage, the river winding in elegant courses along the wooded meadow beneath; and the prospect of it from its mouth also, where it sinks into the plain of Salop, towards its commencement, is uncommonly striking, although some of its most beautiful scenes have a formal range of limestone rocks on the north-west. Nor must the adjoining vale of Crucis be forgotten, surrounded by high mountains, and clad at the sides and bottom with wood and verdure, with the venerable ruins of Valle Crucis Abbey, embowered in the solitude of trees. Happy, happy scenes of rural quiet are these; and their interest is not impaired by association with the Aqueduct of Pontcysyllte.

The above details of this vast work have been abridged from the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*; but their incompleteness makes us regret the delay of Mr. Telford's Account of his principal Works, the MS. of which he completed for publication a short time pre-

vious to his lamented death. Of this truly great man, (for men should be ranked in proportion to their labours.) it has been well said: "his various works are conspicuous ornaments to the country, and speak for themselves as the most durable monument of a well-earned fame: in number, magnitude, and usefulness, they are too intimately connected with the prosperity of the British people to be overlooked, or forgotten in future times; and the name of Telford must remain permanently associated with that remarkable progress of public improvement, which has distinguished the age in which he lived."

New Books.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.
VOL. VII.

[We have purposely left this concluding portion, the most interesting of the whole work, for analysis and quotation in our current volume. The untiring character of its contents, and the fond concern which readers of every class take in the well-earned fame, and untarnished reputation, of Scott, have induced us to this postponement, rather than a hasty glance at the closing narrative of this truly great man's "good night." It is, indeed, a chequered picture of clouds and sunshine, and mortal gloom, succeeded by the brightness of immortal hope. The volume commences with extracts from Scott's Diary, in the winter of 1836-7, which present but gloomy records of the writer's bodily sufferings,—e. g.:]

"December 16.—Another bad night. I remember I used to think a slight illness was a luxurious thing. My pillow was then softened by the hand of affection, and the little cares put in exercise to soothe the lan-

guor or pain, were more flattering and pleasing than the consequences of the illness were disagreeable. It was a new scene to be watched and attended, and I used to think that the *malade imaginaire* gained something by his humour. It is different in the latter stages—the old post-chaise gets more shattered and out of order at every turn; windows will not be pulled up, doors refuse to open, or, being open, will not shut again—which last is rather my case. There is some new subject of complaint every moment—your sicknesses come thicker and thicker—your comforting and sympathizing friends fewer and fewer: for why should they sorrow for the course of nature? The recollection of youth, health, and uninterrupted powers of activity, neither improved nor enjoyed, is a poor strain of comfort. The best is, the long halt will arrive at last, and cure all. This was a day of labour, agreeably varied by a pain, which rendered it scarce possible to sit upright. My journal is getting a vile, chirographical aspect. I begin to be afraid of the odd consequences complaints in the *post equitem* are said to produce. I shall tire of my journal. In my better days I had stories to tell; but death has closed the long dark avenue upon loves and friendships, and I look at them as through the grated door of a burial-place, filled with monuments of those who were once dear to me, with no insincere wish that it may open for me at no distant period, provided such be the will of God. My pains were those of the heart, and had something flattering in their character; if in the head, it was from the blow of a bludgeon, gallantly received, and well paid back. I think I shall not live to the usual verge of human existence; I shall never see the threescore and ten, and shall be summed up at a discount. No help for it, and no matter either."

[The following reflection upon youthful companions is very characteristic:]

"In youth we have many companions, few friends, perhaps; in age companionship is ended, except rarely, and by appointment. Old men, by a kind of instinct, seek younger associates, who listen to their stories, honour their gray hairs while present, and mimic and laugh at them when their backs are turned. At least, that was the way in our day, and I warrant our chicks of the present brood crow to the same tune."

[As also this note upon what are usually called "family parties:"]

"It must be allowed that the regular recurrence of annual festivals among the same individuals has, as life advances, something in it that is melancholy. We meet like the survivors of some perilous expedition, wounded and weakened ourselves, and looking through diminished ranks to think of

those who are no more. Or they are like the feasts of the Caribs, in which they held that the pale and speechless phantoms of the deceased appeared and mingled with the living. Yet where shall we fly from vain repining?—or why should we give up the comfort of seeing our friends, because they can no longer be to us, or we to them, what we once were to each other?"

[Again, the gaiety of youth in the present day:]

"I do not think the young people of this age so gay as we were. There is a turn for persiflage, a fear of ridicule among them, which stifles the honest emotions of gaiety and lightness of spirit; and people, when they give in the least to the expansion of their natural feelings, are always kept under by the fear of becoming ludicrous. To restrain your feelings and check your enthusiasm in the cause even of pleasure, is now a rule among people of fashion, as much as it used to be among philosophers."

[The next entry is odd enough:]

"*Edinburgh, January 15.*—Off we came, and, in despite of rheumatism, I got through the journey tolerably. Coming through Galashiels, we met the Laird of Torwoodlee, who, on hearing how long I had been confined, asked how I bore it; observing that he had once in his life—Torwoodlee must be between sixty and seventy—been confined for five days to the house, and was like to hang himself. I regret God's free air as much as any man, but I could amuse myself were it in the Bastille."

[The following shows the progress of the Life of Napoleon, at which Scott was now working hard:]

"*February 19.*—Very cold weather. What says Dean Swift?—

"When frost and snow come both together,
Then sit by the fire and save shoe-leather."

I read and wrote at the bitter account of the French retreat from Moscow, in 1812, till the little room and coal-fire seemed snug by comparison. I felt cold in its rigour in my childhood and boyhood, but not since. In youth and middle life I was yet less sensible to it than now—but I remember thinking it worse than hunger. Uninterrupted to-day, and did eight leaves."

[In March, Scott returned to Abbotsford, but with changeable spirits, as these lines from two entries, March 21—26, show:]

"There is a touch of the old spirit in me yet, that bids me brave the tempest,—the spirit that, in spite of manifold infirmities, made me a roaring boy in my youth, a desperate climber, a bold rider, a deep drinker, and a stout player at single-stick; of all which valuable qualities there are now but slender

* One page of his MS. answers to from four to five of the closely-printed pages of the original edition of his *Buonsaparte*.

remains. I worked hard when I came in, and finished five pages."

"The greatest happiness I could think of, would be to be rid of the world entirely. Excepting my own family, I have little pleasure in the world, less business in it, and am heartily careless about all its concerns."

[Here are more of the bitter fancies of dismal melancholy:]

"What is this world?—a dream within a dream—as we grow older, each step is an awakening. The youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood—the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary—the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. The grave the last sleep? No; it is the last and final awakening.

"O God! what are we?—Lords of Nature?—Why, a tile drops from a house-top, which an elephant would not feel more than the fall of a sheet of pasteboard, and there lies his lordship! Or something of inconceivably minute origin, the pressure of a bone, or the inflammation of a particle of the brain takes place, and the emblem of the Deity destroys himself or some one else. We hold our health and our reason on terms slighter than one would desire, were it in their choice, to hold an Irish cabin."

[The mention of Scott presenting the editor of the *Foreign Review* with a paper worth £100, leads Mr. Lockhart to relate:]

That when he wrote his first article for the *Encyclopedia Supplement*, and the editor of that work, Mr. Macvey Napier, (a Whig in politics, and with whom he had hardly any personal acquaintance,) brought him £100 as his remuneration, Sir Walter said, "Now, tell me frankly, if I don't take this money, does it go into your pocket or your publisher's; for it is impossible for me to accept a penny of it from a literary brother." Mr. Napier assured him that the arrangements of the work were such, that the editor had nothing to do with the fund destined for contributions:—Scott then pocketed his due, with the observation, that "he had trees to plant, and no conscience as to the purse of his fat friend;"—to wit, Constable.

[It was in this season, 1827, at a theatrical dinner, in Edinburgh, at which Scott presided, that the authorship of the *Waverley Novels* was first divulged by Lord Meadowbank. In the entry of this event, Sir Walter has left a few simple rules of presidency for the benefit of posterity:]

"1st. Always hurry the bottle round for five or six rounds, without prosing yourself or permitting others to prose. A slight flip of wine inclines people to be pleased, and removes the nervousness which prevents men from speaking—disposes them, in short, to be amusing, and to be amused.

"2nd. Push on, keep moving! as Young

Rapid says.* Do not think of saying fine things—nobody cares for them any more than for fine music, which is often too liberally bestowed on such occasions. Speak at all ventures, and attempt the *mot pour rire*. You will find people satisfied with wonderfully indifferent jokes, if you can but hit the taste of the company, which depends much on its character. Even a very high party, primed with all the cold irony and *non est tanti* feelings, or no feelings of fashionable folks, may be stormed by a jovial, rough, round, and ready preses. Choose your text with discretion—the sermon may be as you like. Should a drunkard or an ass break in with any thing out of joint, if you can parry it with a jest, good and well—if not, do not exert your serious authority, unless it is something very bad. The authority even of a chairman ought to be very cautiously exercised. With patience, you will have the support of every one.

"3rd. When you have drunk a few glasses to play the good-fellow, and banish modesty—(if you are unlucky enough to have such a troublesome companion)—then beware of the cup too much. Nothing is so ridiculous as a drunken preses.

"Lastly, always speak short, and *Skeoch doch na skiel*—cut a tale with a drink.

* This is the purpose and intent Of gude Schir Walter's testament."†

[Mr. Lockhart adds a note on the *Waverley* secret so well kept:]

The reader may, perhaps, expect that I should endeavour to name the "upwards of twenty persons" whom Sir Walter alluded to on this occasion as having been put into the secret of the *Waverley Novels*, previously, and without reference, to the catastrophe of 1826. I am by no means sure that I can give the complete list; but, in addition to the immediate members of the author's own family—including his mother and his brother Thomas—there were Constable, Cadell, the two Ballantynes, Terry, Laidlaw, Mr. Train, and Mr. G. H. Gordon; Charles, Duke of Buccleuch, Lady Louisa Stuart, Lord Montagu, Lord and Lady Polwarth, Lord Cinnedder, Sir Adam Ferguson, Mr. Morritt, Mr. and Mrs. Skene, Mr. William Clerk, Mr. Hay Donaldson, Mr. John Richardson, and Mr. Thomas Moore.

[There is much charity and kind-heartedness in these notes from the entries of the deaths of the Duke of York, and Gifford—two very opposite characters.]

"The Duke of York was uniformly kind to me, and though I never tasked his friendship, yet I find a powerful friend is gone.

* Morton's comedy of *A Cure for the Heart-Ache*.

† Sir Walter parodies the conclusion of King Robert the Bruce's "Maxims, or Political Testament." See Hall's *Annals*, A. D. 1311,—or Fordun's *Scottish chronicon*,—XII. 10.

His virtues were honour, good sense, integrity; and by exertion of these qualities, he raised the British army from a very low ebb, to be the pride and dread of Europe. His errors were those of a sanguine and social temper—he could not resist the temptation of deep play, which was fatally allied with a disposition to the bottle. This last is incident to his complaint, which vinous influence soothes for the time, while it insidiously increases it in the end."

"January 17.—I observe in the papers, my old friend Gifford's funeral. He was a man of rare attainments and many excellent qualities. His *Juvenal* is one of the best versions ever made of a classical author, and his satire of the Baviad and Mæviad squashed at one blow a set of coxcombs, who might have humbugged the world long enough. As a commentator he was capital, could he but have suppressed his rancours against those who had preceded him in the task; but a misconstruction or misinterpretation, nay, the misplacing of a comma, was, in Gifford's eyes, a crime worthy of the most severe animadversion. The same fault of extreme severity went through his critical labours, and in general he flagellated with so little pity, that people lost their sense of the criminal's guilt in dislike of the savage pleasure which the executioner seemed to take in inflicting the punishment. This lack of temper probably arose from indifferent health, for he was very valetudinary. He was a little man, dumped up together, and so ill made as to seem almost deformed, but with a singular expression of talent in his countenance. Though so little of an athlete, he nevertheless beat off Dr. Wolcot, when that celebrated person, the most unsparing calumniator of his time, chose to be offended with Gifford for satirizing him in his turn. Peter Pindar made a most vehement attack, but Gifford had the best of the affray, and remained, I think, in triumphant possession of the field of action, and of the assailant's cane. G. had one singular custom. He used always to have a duenna of a housekeeper to sit in his study with him while he wrote. This female companion died when I was in London, and his distress was extreme. I afterwards heard he got her place supplied. I believe there was no scandal in all this."

[The *Diary* from Feb. 21, takes a lively interest in the ministerial changes consequent upon the death of Lord Liverpool, in which is a tolerably sharp opinion of Canning. The completion of Napoleon, and the happy thought of Tales of a Grandfather, are more interesting matters. Perhaps, the rank of the Napoleon is somewhat highly rated in Mr. Lockhart's summary:.]

The Life of Buonaparte was at last published about the middle of June, 1827. Two years had elapsed since Scott began it; but

by a careful comparison of dates, I have arrived at the conclusion that, his expeditions to Ireland and Paris, and the composition of novels and critical miscellanies being duly allowed for, the historical task occupied hardly more than twelve months. The book was closely printed; in fact, those nine volumes contain as much letter-press as *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, the *Antiquary*, the *Monastery*, and the *Legend of Montrose*, all put together. If it had been printed on the original model of those novels, the Life of Buonaparte would have filled from thirteen to fourteen volumes; the work of one twelvemonth—done in the midst of pain, sorrow, and ruin.

The magnitude of the theme, and the copious detail with which it was treated, appear to have frightened the critics of the time. None of our great Reviews grappled with the book at all; nor am I so presumptuous as to undertake what they shrunk from.

The lofty impartiality with which Scott treats the personal character of Buonaparte was, of course, sure to make all ultra-politicians, at home and abroad, condemn his representation; and an equally general and better founded exception was taken to the lavish imagery of his historical style. He despised the former clamour—to the latter he bowed submissive. He could not, whatever character he might wish to assume, cease to be one of the greatest of poets. Metaphorical illustrations, which men born with prose in their souls hunt for painfully, and find only to murder, were to him the natural and necessary offspring and playthings of ever-teeming fancy. He could not write a note to his printer—he could not speak to himself in his *Diary*—without introducing them. Few will say that his historical style is, on the whole, excellent—none, that it is perfect; but it is completely unaffected, and therefore excites nothing of the unpleasant feeling with which we consider the elaborate artifices of a far greater historian—the greatest that our literature can boast—Gibbon. The rapidity of the execution infers many inaccuracies as to minor matters of fact; but it is nevertheless true that no inaccuracy in the smallest degree affecting the character of the book as a fair record of great events, has to this hour been detected even by the malevolent ingenuity of Jacobin and Buonapartist pamphleteers. Even the most hostile examiners were obliged to acknowledge that the gigantic career of their idol had been traced, in its leading features, with wonderful truth and spirit. No civilian, it was universally admitted, had ever before described modern battles and campaigns with any approach to his daring and comprehensive felicity. The public, ever unwilling to concede a new species of honour to a name already covered

with distinction, listened eagerly for a while to the indignant reclamations of nobodies, whose share in mighty transactions had been omitted, or slightly misrepresented; but, ere long, all these pompous rectifications were summed up, and found to constitute nothing but a contemptible monument of self-deluding vanity. The work, devoured at first with breathless delight, had a shade thrown over it for a time by the pertinacious blustering of these angry Lilliputians; but it has now emerged, slowly and surely, from the mist of suspicion—and few, whose opinions deserve much attention, hesitate to avow their conviction that, whoever may be the Polybius of the modern Hannibal, posterity will recognise his Livy in Scott.

Woodstock, as we have seen, placed upwards of £8,000 in the hands of Sir Walter's creditors. The Napoleon (first and second editions) produced for them a sum which it even now startles me to mention—£18,000. As by the time the historical work was published, nearly half of the First Series of Chronicles of the Canongate had been written, it is obvious that the amount to which Scott's literary industry, from the close of 1825, to the 10th of June, 1837, had diminished his debt, cannot be stated at less than £28,000. Had health been spared him, how soon must he have freed himself from all his encumbrances!

The Chronicles of the Canongate proceeded *pari passu* with these historical tales; and both works were published before the end of the year. He also superintended, at the same time, the first collection of his Prose Miscellanies, six volumes 8vo.—several articles being re-modelled and extended to adapt them for a more permanent sort of existence than had been originally thought of. Moreover, Sir Walter penned, that autumn, his beautiful and instructive paper on the Planting of Waste Lands, which is, indeed, no other than a precious chapter of his autobiography, for the Quarterly Review. What he wrote of new matter between June and December, fills from five to six volumes in the late uniform edition of his works; but all this was light and easy after the perilous drudgery of the preceding eighteen months.

The Public Journals.

TAGLIONI AND THE ELSLERS.

We may fairly congratulate ourselves upon the attractions which are at this moment concentrated upon the stage of the Italian Opera. Whatever improvements the ballet, as a general representation, may be susceptible of, it would be impossible to heighten the graces which are imparted to it by Taglioni and the Elslers.

The fine arts, observes Lord Kaimes, alluding to the analysis of the Beautiful, are a

subject of reasoning as well as of taste. But we suspect that it would have puzzled his lordship to reason about the dancing of Taglioni. Yet Taglioni's form and motions suggest the most exquisite images of beauty, and seem to realize an ideal of which every one has had a vague conception, but which was never reduced to tangible outlines before. It is a thing to set us dreaming rather than reasoning,—to carry us into a world of spiritual Fancies, out of the world of Thoughts. Between Taglioni and the Elslers there is no point of comparison. They are essentially unlike each other; yet it is an unlikeness that wears a singular aspect of resemblance. The difference is wide and marked, and cannot be mistaken; yet it is not less obvious than the similarity, although the one is easily explained, and the other is inexplicable. In Taglioni there is an aerial simplicity, a purity of taste, and an involuntary grace, that contrast strikingly with the voluptuous energy, the poetical licence, and startling grandeur of the Elslers: the dove and the eagle are not more opposite—yet we are affected by them, not in the same degree nor in the same way, but so profoundly, that we unconsciously associate the influences by which our impressions are produced.

The step and mien of Taglioni are as soft and touching as the beatific visions of some of our old saints. Fortunate for the anchorites that such visions vanished with their sleep! Had the angels, that visited their slumbers, lingered in their cells in such shapes, the world would have lost some of their fine treatises on dogmatic theology and ghostly inflictions. Taglioni's elasticity is even more remarkable than that of the Elslers, because it is not so apparent. We are not made aware of it by any effort to display it. She floats like a blush of light before our eyes: we cannot perceive the subtle means by which she contrives, as it were, to disdain the earth, and to deliberate her charming motions in the air. Whichever way she turns, there is an expression of beauty—a figure, which, could it be fixed in any of its phases, would convey an embodied Sentiment to the imagination. Her dance is an Acted Poem, sparkling with images, which, reduced to words, would resemble the brilliant conceits of Carew or Suckling; but which, in this tangible and fugitive shape, take an appropriate and congenial place, invulnerable to criticism. She achieves the office of wings, without their incumbrance. Her sweetness and gentleness have a wowing tone, which breathes from her with no more external appearance than the aroma from flowers. There are no languishing arts in her manner, yet she sometimes seems to fade away, like a gossamer caressed by the winds. There is this peculiarity in Taglioni,—that you can describe her only through the emo-

tions she causes. You cannot separate her from them, and paint a portrait; but must embellish it with the accessories that, springing out of your own sensations, appear to be essential to the truth. She has something of the effect of a tradition from the East, invested with spells and inspired with fairy gifts; a legend of miracles to which you willingly subscribe; a delicious fiction, recreated in life, and rendered a thousand times more fascinating than before, by the vital warmth suffused throughout its articulation.

Theresa Elsler suggests at once the notion of one of the Titanesque Graces. Her proud crest seems to aspire to the clouds, which dissolve before the dainty majesty of her brow. Fanny Elsler is the miniature of this fine reality, with a multitude of smaller beauties that play round her like a halo. The scale of her execution is reduced, but her style is the same, glittering with more minute and dazzling points, that would be lost in the loftier stature of her sister. In both, the visible presence of strength is deprived of its physical coarseness by ineffable composure, and that certainty of movement which softens it into a sense of ease. This great power and command of action gives extraordinary luxuriance and freedom to the marvellous evolutions of the dance. The most rapid changes and picturesque attitudes, accomplished at the very extremity of muscular effort, are thus effected without awakening a passing distrust of their complete fulfilment; so that a series of brilliant measures, which, attempted by others, would be no more than feats of gymnastic skill, are thus achieved with a feeling of inexpressible beauty. Their intertwining action is a triumph of art. Every turn has a regularity and completeness which, apart from its picturesque associations, dispose it into such perfect combinations, that invention can add nothing to its consummate grace. The incessant variety of their motions,—the novelty that constantly grows up out of their steps, which have a blinding lustre in their rapidity,—fill the eyes with flashing rays, like the perpetual circles that chase each other in some of the freaks of the phantasma. The slightest speck of resting-place suffices to sustain their gyrations; and they almost seem to realise the fabulous capacity of the angels crowding on the point of a needle. In the dances of the Elsers there is a strict rhythm, which at once captivates the ear. They ascend and descend, advance and retreat, soar and flutter, with the punctuality of notes delivered in accurate time. When their feet press the ground, they may be said to express music from their touch. Their stately bearing sheds over their performances an abiding charm, that dignifies even those brilliant surprises which sometimes break in upon their loftier movements, like sunny

faces smiling suddenly upon us in solitude, and vanishing as fast as they appear. They have originated a new era in their art, and formed a style which is not merely new, but which demands so many various qualities of excellence, that it is hardly too much to say that it is inimitable.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

RAILWAY TRIP FROM BIRMINGHAM TO LIVERPOOL.

It is good time; and having in our turn—for there was a crowd of applicants—paid a guinea a-piece for ourselves, and fourteen shillings for the servant, for which we received tickets, numbering both our carriage and the particular seat which we were to occupy, we went forthwith to the train—a c. a series of the bodies—as they seemed—of handsome and commodious stage coaches, hooked together—say fourteen of them—each containing ample room for six passengers, the seats being separate, and which, being also numbered, secured regularity and a good understanding as to their rights among the passengers. This circumstance I learnt thus:—“Sir, I beg your pardon,” said a gentleman, entering, and looking at me and the seat I had chosen, “but I am eighty.”

“Really, sir, I don’t understand,” I replied, with a smile, and great surprise; “what if you are eighty?—you don’t look as much.”

“Oh, my seat is number 80—that’s all,” he rejoined, smiling in his turn, and pointing to the number, which glittered in brass letters immediately over me.

Of course, I immediately surrendered my seat, and took one near the window. This matter settled, I was getting out to look about me for a moment, when I heard the sound of a trumpet, and, in a moment after, saw a ponderous structure roll slowly and hissing past;—it was the engine, just taken out of his shed, and going to be attached to the train. He bore the startling name, “Sinocco,” in large gold letters, on his flank, and looked quite splendid in his polished brass and steel. He carried his food and water after him! Presently our tickets were called for; then a man went along from carriage to carriage, carefully fastening the doors, and adjusting the handles safely, while another placed palm-oil on the wheels. There was none of the noise and bustle ordinarily attending the starting of a stage-coach; on the contrary, all was quiet and methodical. Again the trumpet sounded; and just at eight o’clock we felt a gentle motion, noiseless withal, and found that we had commenced our journey, but as slowly as we could well move at first. Gradually we quickened our speed till we had got fairly on our way, and were clear of all interruption, when we certainly “went

the pace!" I let down the glass and put out my head to see the length and appearance of the train, but quickly withdrew it; for, what with the sleet, and the draught occasioned by the rapidity with which we were passing through the bitterly cold air, it was unpleasant enough. The motion was pretty uniform—gentle, slightly vibrating, with now and then a jerk; we could have written all the way we went. So long as we looked only at distant objects, we did not seem to be going much quicker than in a fast stage-coach; but as soon as we looked at anything nearer—at the fence of the railroad, for instance—we became instantly sensible of the prodigious rapidity of our motion. It was really painful to look down for a minute together.

We stopped once in about every twelve or fifteen miles at "Stations," in order to give off, or take in, passengers, as also to let our good Sirocco drink—(a rare draught, merry monster! was his—a hoghead at least!)—and feed, when he snapped up several sacks of coals, apparently with great relish. What a digestion must be his! Well may his breath be hot, and his system feverish! He generally panted a little at starting and stopping, but it soon passed off, and he ran the remainder of his journey without any apparent effort or exhaustion.

The word "*explosion*," flitted oftener through my thoughts, I must confess, than I could have wished, and always occasioned a momentary tremor, especially when my fancy would fly forward, and image forth some such pleasant paragraph as—"Frightful Accident and Loss of Lives on the Liverpool and Birmingham Railroad, &c.—Boiler burst, &c. &c.; engine-man blown to atoms, his remains falling at several fields' distance."

For about twelve miles we went at the rate of at least forty miles an hour! To prove the very great rapidity with which we were flying along:—there was not a breath of air when we started from one of the stations; in a few minutes' time, happening to put my head through the window for a moment, I seemed to encounter a hurricane, and yet I observed that the small branches of the trees near the road-side did not move in the least. In order to show how matters stood, I fastened one end of my pocket-handkerchief round my finger, and put my hand outside—when the handkerchief instantly flew and fluttered along, crackling like a pennant at a mast-head in a strong wind. Indeed, I was very nearly losing it. It was really painful to the eyes to look out a-head, the draught of air was so strong; and it was dizzy work to look down immediately upon the road, and see the velocity with which we passed over it. Object after object—rails, posts, trees, &c., glanced like light as

we shot past them. On one occasion I had just thrust my head out, when something huge, black, tremendous, rushed hissing close past me, within a few inches of my face, and I fell back in my seat as if I had been shot. It was another train which was coming in the opposite direction. After only a few moments' pause, I looked out after it, but I protest it was almost out of sight. At one place there were several horses in a field near the road, all of whom, affrighted at our monstrous appearance, galloped off, except one, who remained behind, looking at us, I could imagine, with a sad air; possibly repeating to himself the words of our great poet—

— "O, farewell,
Farewell the neighing steed!
And, oh, you mortal engines!—
Farewell, Othello's occupation's gone!"

When we had considerably abated our speed, I observed a droll evidence of the rapidity with which we were still travelling. A good-sized dog suddenly popped out of a shed on the road-side, and literally ran a race with us for about two minutes, evidently as fast as he could lay his feet to the ground: but 'twas in vain; he could not keep a-breast of the carriage opposite to which he had started; but carriage after carriage quickly passed him, till the whole train got a-head of him, when he stopped—a mere speck in the rapidly-increasing distance. This is certainly quick work, but why should we not go far quicker? Why not a hundred miles an hour? What is to prevent it, except the increased danger arising from any possible interruption or obstacle, or the expense of increased wear and tear? I was told that, not more than a month before, an experimental trip was made on the same line of road by some engineer, with only one carriage attached to the engine, and they went *seventy* miles in one hour! We had to go through a tunnel on reaching the confines of Liverpool, and which passes directly under the town. The engine was detached from the train on arriving at the mouth of the tunnel, and a rope, or ropes, attached in its place—but I did not see the process—by which we were to be drawn through the whole length of the tunnel! It was dreary enough work, plunged as we were, *instantly*, out of broad daylight into black Cimmerian gloom—

"Shut up from outward light,
To incorporate with gloomy night."

A lamp here and there shed its pallid, circumscribed light over the damp low sides and roof of the tunnel, which is very narrow, and so long, that if you put your head through the window you could not see light at either extremity—at least only as a kind of speck. And there we were labouring heavily along, not at our former speed;

nothing being heard but the dull rumbling noise of the wheels upon the rails, and the vapours striking so raw and cold, that we were forced to close the window; when divers pleasant thoughts crossed my mind. Suppose some accident should happen to us—just then! The tunnel fall in, and bring half Liverpool about our ears—we should not be dug out in less than three years' time, if any one had curiosity enough to set about such a task. Suppose some of the queer invisible mechanism by which we were drawn along should give way—in short, *How I hate tunnels!* especially tunnels a mile and a quarter in length!

Right glad was I when, after an eight minutes' incarceration in pitch-darkness—and six hours and a half's journey from Birmingham—a much longer one than usual—we emerged into the dear daylight again, when the train stopped at a handsome and commodious station, where were numerous porters and flys awaiting our arrival. We got into one of the latter, with our luggage, in a trice—having to encounter no pestering about gratuities, &c., on quitting the train, a circumstance which almost always throws a dash of unpleasantness into the close of a stage-coach journey. Everything was then as silent and systematic as it had been on our starting at Birmingham.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

Monastic Life.—Although the monastic life may justly be blamed, and the learning of the monk is often deemed useless, yet it is to the former we owe almost every thing connected with literature and the fine arts; and on the latter rest our after-acquirements in knowledge. Long before the time when the venerable Bede lived and wrote, the light that now shines with such brightness in our own days, shed her influence over the land; but its force was not enough to dispel the gloom of superstition which then overshadowed the cloister. There were, however, in his age, schools where architecture, sculpture, and painting, grew and were fostered with care; and, censure, as we may have cause to do, the conduct of the monks, it was, in truth, this set of men who were good architects; and they were not only the authors of many valuable treatises on science, but the chief artists who painted ecclesiastical buildings in fresco.—*Architectural Magazine.*

An unfortunate adventurer once observed, that, were he to turn baker, it would put bread out of fashion.

Appearances.—The late Baron Smith, having once struggled hard to shake the testimony of a fierce-looking ruffian, thus addressed him:—"You may be an honest

man—perhaps you are an honest man; but a more ill-looking man, and, to all appearances, a less trustworthy man, I never saw."

According to an original manuscript, signed by Henry VII., and kept in the Remembrancer's Office, fruit appears during this reign to have been very dear: apples being from one to two shillings each; and a red rose is stated to have cost two shillings. W. G. C.

Pliny's Garden.—The description which the younger Pliny gives of his garden, with its straight walks and fantastically-cut box-trees, is repugnant to modern principles of taste; but, a few reigns back, it would have applied to many of the gardens, even in this country. Sir Robert Walpole, in his Essay, contrasts this garden with the glorious architecture of the same time; and remarks, that nothing but a *parterre* is wanting, to make the description of a garden in the reign of Trajan serve for one in the reign of King William. Pope's well-known account of the villa and garden of the Duke of Chandos, ("Moral Essays," Ep. iv.) would stand for that of an ancient Roman; and he says less than even Pliny does of the cultivation of flowers, or any lesser ornaments. No one would deny the existence of a taste for flower-gardening, during the Dutch epoch, when the same style as that of King's time prevailed. Yet if, by some strange revolutions, we could conceive the greater part of our literature to be lost, as has happened to that of Rome, and only a few standard authors to survive, such as Pope and Dryden, future gardeners and botanists could argue, with great plausibility, against our ancestors having flower-gardens at all. There is, certainly, no record of any great floral epidemic, synchronous with the box-tree era of Roman gardening, such as the *tulipomania* of modern times; but we must not hence conclude, that the cultivation of flowers, as a source of amusement, was then disregarded.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

Queen Elizabeth.—In the old church of St. Clement, Eastcheap, was the following epitaph on Elizabeth:

Spain's mol, Rome's ruin,
Netherland's relief,
Heaven's gem, Earth's joy,
World's wonder, Nature's chief,
Britain's blessing, England's splendour,
Religion's nurse, the Faith's defender.

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